

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

## THE

# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 416.

Official Organ of the Australasian  
Socialist Party.

SATURDAY, 16th NOVEMBER, 1918.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,  
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

Price: One Penny

## Fairymead

By WOODIEUS.

"Excuse me, cook, there is a fly in the soup." "All right, don't sing out too loud; you don't suppose I put it there, do you?" "Oh no," I replied, "but why not cover the soup over?"

"We do the best we can, old man." The offside turned around from the sink, and a big pile of dishes. "You oughter be at Fairymead sugar mill, then you'd have something to growl about. You oughter see the tucker there. Talk about flies, you can get nothing else to eat."

"Well, if I was there I would protest against eating flies."

"Well, you would go hungry, and get the sack."

"Don't the men protest against such things?"

"Oh, there ain't no men working at Fairymead, they are all away. It is every man for himself. They only get butter twice a week. The day butter is placed on the table there is a blind rush for it; it is cleared off the table in a minute. You oughter see them cramming the butter into their drinking munnikins, making sure of their supply. A few get butter, the rest get none."

"But," I protested, "according to the award each man is entitled to three-quarters of a pound of butter per week."

"That is all very well on paper," replied the offside. "The head cook and storekeeper they are cows; they look out that you don't get too much to eat. They reckon too much is bad for you. You know it don't look too good when the men are getting fat on the job, the boss might sack them all for not doing enough work."

"You're cynical," I said. "I don't know," says he, "the boss must serve out rotten tucker for something."

"Perhaps they get a bonus for keeping the tucker till dawn?" "I don't know," said the offside. "May be they do it to crawl to the boss; you know some blokes would sooner crawl than walk. They ain't men at all what will pinch another man's stomach."

"Serve the men right if they put up with such conditions."

"Poor devils, they can't help it; they'll clear out and look for another job as soon as they get a few shillings. Me and you were night cooking there, wasn't we, George?"

"Yes, we was. Don't I remember how they used to serve me out a small bag and a half of oatmeal to make porridge for ninety men going to work in the morning. You know them bags them little 7lb bags what you see in the grocers, they're the kind, fancy one and a half for ninety men! When the day cook came on to relieve us on the night shift every morning, as soon as he thought no one was looking, he would mix a couple of buckets of hot water with the porridge, then it would be just like water; fancy feeding men on muck like that!"

"You know them tins of condensed milk what we use here? Well, one of them at the most is supposed to make half a gallon of milk with hot water. At Fairymead one tin makes a four gallon bucket full; the men christened it shadow milk. That is Fairymead for you. You blokes here got nothing to complain about. On Sunday I would place down a plate of meat and a plate of pudding for each man. I used to put it on the table

ready for them. Then I would open the doors. Strike me handsome! They would rush in; why pigs is nothing to them; they would scramble and fight to get through the doorway, one before another."

Those who got to the table first would pile the dinner next to them on their own plates. Those who happened to be a little late got no dinner; the cook would swear that he had served them, that they were coming back for a second helping."

"But," said I, "Why did not the men thus cheated of their dinner go to the proprietor of the mill?"

"The owners, they are too busy praying, they are very religious, them cows. Square thinking, you blokes here have got a paradise compared to the cooking at Fairymead."

The men at Fairymead deserve worse for not protesting for better conditions. Oh, they are to be pitied, poor beggars. Of course, some of them are "booze kings," and only work a week or so for a booze up, but most of the blokes are all right; it is the rotten conditions what makes them bad. Most of them are lined up here from the south, Victoria and those places.

They hear about the good money made up here, a pound a day, they think can be got for nothing. The owners of Fairymead have an agent in Bundaberg who brings the men up to Queensland from the south.

When they land here they are broke; it is then a case of work or starve, and keep quiet till you get a few shillings; as soon as anyone starts to protest against such conditions they are sacked.

"It is enough to make a man take to booze for the rest of his life."

"Yet," I said, "the owners are good Christians."

"All workers are the same," said the cook's offside; "they all rob you. They are always running down the pubs. I reckon you can't say much in favor of a publican. Less can be said in favor of parsons. Why, I remember when I was a kid when they used to work the sugar mills with Kanakas."

"The owners of Fairymead mill used to sell their Kanakas tickets to heaven at a pound a piece. They used to charge the niggers half a dollar to make Christians of them. They would stand them on the bank of a river and give them a shove from behind over the bank into the river. Splash!"

"When the niggers were pulled out of the water they were Christians. Then the poor cows used to die like flies."

"Talking about flies," said the cook, "all the empty jam tins from the dining room table at Fairymead were placed on a shelf in the kitchen. Then the head cook would make jam sandwich at the end of the week. He would scrape out the jam tins, all dead flies and filth. It all went into the jam sandwich. The men used to scoff it down, thinking it a luxury. Ugh! The sight used to make me sick."

"Although I was cooking there I never ate anything cooked in the kitchen. I remember one time the head cook was off ill for a few days. I started to give the men their proper quantity of food. There was a row when the head cook came back. He said the expenses were too high. He

## Working Class Pride.

(From an article by E. L. Pratt.)

The first thing that the wage slave needs to realise in order to attain his freedom is the fact that he is a slave. "The worker has nothing to lose but his chains," said Marx, but before he can lose them he must realise that they are chains, and feel the weight of them. We believe that this initial stage in the slave's progress has now been passed, so far as the majority of the workers are concerned. But there is another mental process that has to be gone through before the slave conscious proletariat can make their force felt in society. They must despise themselves as serfs, but cultivate nevertheless a strong class pride in the fact that they are workers—producers—on whom the whole operations of the world are based, and without whose continued efforts society could not hang together for a single minute.

We plead therefore Class Pride as well as for Class Consciousness. It is an amazing fact that so many workers even yet appear to be prouder of their aristocracy or their plutocracy than they are of themselves. Snobocracy holds the field, while a true democracy still awaits its day. The miner, the weaver, the farm laborer still fall down and worship the duke who lives on them—but despises them—while treating their own class as if it were of no account. How often one hears a working man boast that he came from the same town as Lever or Lipton, and how seldom from the place that had produced a race of sturdy handworkers, engineers or blast-furnacemen. A workman will prate of a brother who is a doctor, lawyer, or a parson (however poor a representative of these professions he may be), but we never hear of his brother if he only happens to be a carpenter or bricklayer. So many of the workers seem to take a positive delight in kowtowing to the idle rich who splash them with mud from their motor cars in the street, while they look down with contempt on their own poor relatives whose industry helps to build up the fortunes of their oppressors. You will even hear them puffing themselves up at times because their employer happens to have a thousand people working for him, while poor Bill round the corner works for a boss who can only run to one man, a boy and an oil can. This is pride of a kind. But it is the wrong kind. It is the kind that reveals in the strength of the employing class, and not in the labor of the working class from which the former is derived. It is the lickspittle stupidity on which most of the wars, woes and wrongs of the world have sprung from time immemorial.

Even among our more advanced and socialist comrades we frequently hear a lot of nonsense talked about the "respectability" of the movement, and the neces-

put the stores under lock and key, and just served me out a certain quantity and no more."

"The maggots were always brushed off the meat before it was served out. One day some meat was green and rotten. I threw it out into the rubbish tin. The head cook picked it out, and swore it was not rotten, he steeped it in vinegar, rolled it in bread crumbs, and cooked it up."

"That settled me, I left."

"Why such filthy practices?" I asked; "are the owners of Fairymead hard up?"

"Goodness, no; not them. They made £62,000 profit last year. In 1914 they cleared only £15,000 profit."

"An increase of 400 per cent," I said, "made at the expense of men's stomachs!"

sity of keeping hold of the "respectable" black-coated element. Not in this way will those chains be shaken off. The regrettable fact is, of course, that a considerable number of the loud-mouthed variety of agitators are not really in sympathy with the ideals of the proletariat at all, but are merely using their own class as a convenient jumping-off ground from which they may leap into the arms of the parasitic class themselves. If anyone doubts this let him look up the records of "Labor" members now safely housed in Government jobs, and doing the dirty work of the capitalists in high places. A proper sense of pride in their own laboring folk would have saved them from this fate—which is awful indeed.

The truth is that we cannot expect the workers to make much advance until this spirit is eradicated, and a class conscious pride has taken its place. What is the chief moral support of the soldier on the battle field? Pride in the justice of his cause. He does not despise his brother Tommy, and spend his time wondering who he can become an officer. Likewise the soldier on the industrial battlefield will never "get on" with the Class War if he looks down on his comrades in the ranks, and snatches at every opportunity for deserting and betraying them. For the curious thing about the Class War is that it is so very difficult to become an officer in the rebel army without being "nobbled" by the enemy. We would strenuously urge upon the rank and file to cease hero-worship even of their appointed leaders. The day of leaders is fast becoming a thing of the past. We shall be a lot safer if the people worship themselves in future. But a wise worship can only be based on a foundation of self-respect, and that will come only when the workers, fully conscious of their own claims, realise at last that useful labor is the only criterion that we must apply to every man, and that "work and wealth go hand in hand."

Capitalism is busy at present warning everybody that the Class Consciousness we advocate is only another word for Class Hatred. But we have learned better in our school. Their Class Consciousness has always been a synonym for hatred, fear and contempt of the poor—all of which were simply the result of a guilty conscience. The workers have no need for these feelings, because their cause is just. But we do hate Capitalism, and all its works and ways. We have a vision of a better society in which a man's contribution to the service of his fellows whether by hand or brain will be the true test of his worth, and when he will be judged by what he puts into the common stock, and not as now, by what he takes out. As pride in Labor increases so will the conceit of riches stink more and more in the nostrils of mankind. Let us foster the new ethics that puts socially useful labor before all the heaped up possessions of the parasites and plunderers, and pulls down the rotten structure of Competition and Greed that the Industrial Commonwealth of all the workers may stand in its stead. And the new framework of society will be all the stronger, and last all the longer if it is fashioned out of the pride of the workers in their labor and in their class."

—Exchange.

## COMING LECTURES!

SOCIALIST HALL, 369 PITT ST.  
(OPP. DANKS.)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17th,  
PROF. DAVIES.



## THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AUSTRALASIAN  
SOCIALIST PARTY.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** Australia, 4/- per year; 1/- per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

**ORDERS FOR PAPERS** to be sent to the Press Committee, 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

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## Russia!

We had heard of Russia, but 'twas little, indeed, we knew of it.

A land of snow, and gaol, and bloody deeds and Czarism, of despotism and tyranny most foul.

Of Revolutions drowned in blood.

And then through it all, the news that Czar Nicholas the First was also the last. That he, at once the symbol and the apex of arrogant autocracy, had fallen from his high estate.

We said it was good, most certainly.

### PRETENDERS AND USURPERS.

By STEELE CATHCART.

The bloated aristocrat and his compeer, the modern capitalist are Pretenders and Usurpers of the Rights of the People.

Pretenders, that they are entitled to their positions and wealth through divine right, and the result of determination and hard work; and Usurpers, inasmuch that they have taken for themselves all that is best in the world, which should belong to everybody.

The aristocrat, the master class, the millionaires, the squatters, the millowners, the mine proprietors, the big business men, are octopuses strangling the worker; vampires sucking his life's blood; tigers devouring him at their leisure.

For money, all the crimes in the calendar of robbery and violence, assault and battery, bribery and corruption, roguery and vagabondage have been committed by the capitalist. Nothing is too low for the money-grabbers to do. Nothing too base and degrading. For the capitalists have no conscience. Only money counts with them.

With malice aforethought they own the newspapers to spread their insidious, insinuating false doctrines of protection, Liberalism, Toryism, Radicalism, etc., hoodwinking and bulldozing the people into complacency, into indifference, into deadly, slumberous inertia. It is like a laughing drunkard with a serpent coiled around his body. Thus the worker is crushed by the capitalist.

Platform orators and pulpit ranters are

## Slams and Jabs.

By JAYBES.

We have it on the authority of a Swedish paper published in Stockholm, "Svenska Tagebladet," that the Bolshevik of Russia are preparing to sweep over Europe, and that the Government of Russia is spending large sums of money in neighboring countries to spread the infection. We are pleased to make a note of it. But what is the "infection" here referred to? To read it one would conclude it was a serious disease. The "infection" of Bolshevism is simply the education of the working class to take and hold the instruments of production, i.e., land and capital, and operate them for the benefit of the useful class in society. This is serious to the robber class in society, but should be hailed with glee by the worker who desires economic freedom. Anything that means GOING TO WORK for those who now WORK THE WORKER is a disease that destroys the parasites who prey upon the growth of the social organism—the disease and infection to capitalism is Socialism. Spread the infection that will bring you freedom.

One of the stock arguments against Socialism used by those who exploit labor in industry, so that they might scare the worker away from the socialist philosophy is FREE LOVE. "Socialism means free love," that was the cry: Without foundation outside their own sordid imagination. What they mean by free love is a promiscuous sex relationship such as is now carried on by the wealthy men who keep respectable homes in Toorak and Potts Point, and brothels in another portion of the city. This they are now attempting to attribute to the Bolshevik. The fact is just this fellow workers: Now that Russia is free from industrial brigandage the people are FREE to marry how and where they please, so much so in fact is this true that the eldest daughter of the ex-Czar is engaged to be married to a Bolshevik agitator. There is a difference between FREE love and the commercialised love of to-day, where pa asks the young man who comes along for the hand of Maudeline. "Young man, what are your prospects?" the question: "Do you really love my

the capitalists' pliant tools and paid hirelings, who wheedle and bamboozle the ignorant workers by endless wiles and cajoleries, threats and promises, into putting up with his lot, waiting for better times.

Poor, beguiled, innocent bonehead. Pity him. He needs education.

Cunningly contrived, charity organisations give alms—crumbs from the tables of the master class. The workers are bludgeoned and drugged, as it were, by the capitalists, the bourgeois, so that they can be robbed of the results of their labors. Charity is only a sop for the workers' sick and helpless, and an occupation, or a hobby for the more humane of the master class, viz., the kind hearted daughters of the house or the Sisters of the church. Sweet charity indeed. Stuff and nonsense. We workers don't want it. We want our rights—the full product of our toil.

These Pretenders and Usurpers—the capitalists and the well-to-do—think they are the elect, the supermen, the paragons of perfection.

The capitalists imagine it is they who can give orders, for they are well bred, have blue blood, have money; that all others are to do as they are told, for what they will give them when they have chosen. The wealthy have the habit of tipping servants and stewards, considering that inferiors must be humored a little, if they are to be treated as befitting their high station. But tipping will be a thing of the past when the worker wakes up.

Captain Kidd and Spanish Main pirates were but amateurs compared with the monstrous, inhuman fiends who fly the pirates' flag of capitalism the world over, exacting toll to the uttermost in blood and money from the worker.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! WORKERS, RISE UP and take what is yours from pure and simple legalised brigands and usurers, extortioners and pirates.

daughter and can you render proof that you are clean in body" never enters the mind of the sordid bourgeoisie, whose mind runs over golden rails into the cesspools of iniquity. Under Bolshevism (that is Socialism) the only reason for contracting marriage will be affinity. No man or woman will be forced by economic pressure to live with a person they cannot love, just for the sake of the children—as we find it in thousands of homes to-day. Love is the only tie that binds, and if love has gone the tie is gone, and true morality demands a separation. A man or woman to live together if they do not care for one another is the basest kind of hypocritical prostitution, morally and physically. Socialism will make men and women free to choose their mates, it will abolish the necessary hypocrisy that comes with economic servitude.

The Japanese paper printed in Tokio, the "Asahi Shimbun" passes a casual remark about the paradoxical expansion of the American Navy, and asks the very pertinent question: "Why does America aim at becoming the greatest naval power in the world if she is an earnest seeker after ideals?" We can inform "Asahi Shimbun" that, when speaking of America he is only speaking of the American capitalists, and they have no ideals other than the capture of markets where to unload the products of the American working class. The IDEALS are only possessed by the working class and when their ideals are expressed through their economic and political power there will be no need for war ships, for the cause of war will have disappeared, and the ships will be used for the transportation of exchangeable wealth—the wealth labor creates.

From every Mammonised pulpit prayers are arising to the God of battle for the successes enjoyed by the Allies.

It's hard lines to have a God who is so one-sided when dealing with earthly scraps of his people, and it's dam hard lines on poor Kaiser Willie, for he used to pray for hours and hours without ceasing. Is God an Australian God? Has He turned down all the people who were

### MELBOURNE.

#### ONE BIG UNION DAY.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17th.

Huge Demonstration on the Yarra Bank  
From 3 to 5 p.m.

MASS MEETING of Unionists in the  
Guild Hall to hear the Message of  
INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM and constructive work from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

ROLL UP WORKERS!

### THIRROUL PROPAGANDA.

Corrimal Branch of the A.S.P. will hold a  
Propaganda Meeting at Thirroul on  
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1st.

"Whether we live or whether we die the Social Revolution is inevitable. The boundaries of human freedom must be enlarged and widened. The seventeenth century was a struggle for religious liberty; the eighteenth for political equality; and the nineteenth century mankind is demanding economic or industrial freedom. The fruition of this struggle means the social revolution. We see it coming; we predict it; we hail it with joy; are we criminals for that?"—Albert Parsons.

## WET WEATHER.

ON WET SUNDAYS WHEN IT IS  
IMPOSSIBLE TO HOLD A MEETING  
ON THE DOMAIN, AN AFTERNOON  
MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE  
A.S.P. HALL, 369 PITT ST., COMMENCING AT 2.45.

### "THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

Does the "I.S." suit you? Do you think it is doing good work, Do you wish to see the good work continue. If so, show your appreciation and assist by getting subscribers.

fighting against the Allies? Probably the God of battle does not understand the German language now, and all the fervent prayers of the Kaiser has been in vain.

Perhaps the story told in these columns some time ago could be again applied in this case with a good purpose. It was about the two old Scotch women who were discussing the war between England and France. The one was explaining to the other how the British would win, seeing they all prayed to God. "Och aye!" remarked the other, "but don't the French pray to God too?" "Yes," retorted the first, "but God widdna understan' these yabberin' biddies." That's the position of to-day in a nut shell.

Get ye gone ye prostitutes of the gospel of the man of Nazareth! With your War Precaution Act and other barnacles on the bow of liberty you would interdict Christ if he came on earth to-day.

The press cannot lie well. We rather enjoy the exploits of a decent liar just as we would enjoy the contortions of a clown, but when we see one item one day and a contradiction the next, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the capitalist class flunkies do not possess brains enough to lie with any precision. There are men who tell the same lie so often that they have come to believe the lie themselves, but we cannot accuse the prostituted scribbles of plunderdom with such sincerity. Week after week you were informed that the Russians were eating out of garbage cans, literally devouring diseased dogs and furnished horses licking paste off the bill boards, and looking upon the ordinary fodder as a rare feast. Did you believe it? Do you believe anything the press tells you after that? Read again the article on "Business Russia" in the last issue of this paper, and then add this little item to the list that bespeaks volumes for the organising capacity of the Russian proletariat. "It is feared that the opening of the Dardanelles will affect the wheat market, inasmuch as there are millions of bushels of wheat in European Russia ready for the market as soon as the means of transportation was available." MILLIONS OF BUSHELS, don't forget. And yet the Russian people were starving. Lie on! Lie on! You are fooling no one but yourselves, and you are building up hopes on a security that does not exist. Lie on!

From London, by way of the Vatican, comes the sad news that the graves of the Anzacs are being neglected. However we need not despair, for in Australia House in London we have the plans showing where each and every one have been buried. How charitable are the masters of the bread! When you are dead, But while you live in poverty in the squalid slums of our big cities they never keep a record of where you are slowly dying—you have got to be dead. We are not so much concerned with the dead—they are dead. Our work lies in seeing to the welfare of the living—they are alive, though sometimes half dead. The only thing we really wish to see DEAD is capitalism itself, and by YOU pushing the ONE BIG UNION you will be helping to push it in its grave. Push now! Now is the time for the BIG PUSH. Push on, and on, till break of day!

Whenever one country desires to arouse the hatred of its working class against the working class of another country, hired quill drivers are called to action, and they publish blood-curdling tales of awful atrocities committed upon their fellow countrymen.

That does it. The workers as a class believe so much in fair play that they are fooled by those hired liars, and they rush off for vengeance. This tale is about played out by now, or at least we hope it is. They are still at it in regard to Russia, but we are prone to think that the workers are too widely awake to take much notice of it. Lord Robert Cecil Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, invested a considerable sum in Russian war bonds which were a payable concern, before the Bolshevik repudiated the debts, and no doubt Lord Robert has a keen eye to business through an understanding of his own material interests, so in the House of Commons Robbie spread great yarns about the bloodshed going on in Russia (it is hardly necessary to remark that the same thing has been going on in France for four years), and Robbie further remarked that "Great Britain meant to execute Justice upon those responsible directly she could get them in her power."

Alf in "The Better 'Ole," reckoned that



# Children of the Gutter.

By REMOS.

The countless that are daily born in the slums of the cities of the world, unwanted, hated for their very existence.

The children of the gutter!

Through ages the children of the poor were destined to step into the footprints of their fathers as servants to the children of the rich.

Their lot was a miserable one, but never did humanity dream that its children would be subject to such a treatment as meted out to them since the introduction of the machine.

How long is it since princelings had sons of serfs to act as whipping boys? To receive all the thrashings intended for the sons of the rich?

Or to be compelled to toil in the fields of the baron, from early morn till late at night, using the hoe, the mattock until the tiny fingers grew stiff and blistered, until the weak back refused to straighten.

The feudal system was cruel, but what humanitarian treatment in comparison to the life of the children under the capitalist sway; the exquisite cruelty of the existence of the children born in the gutter.

Surrounded by vice and filth, cursed before born, pressing itself into a society where there is no room to live, swelling the army of the wage slaves, the menial played.

Listen to the song by Antiparos, a

poetry was just like beer to some men, "it made 'em happy." From what we can see it would have been much better for Billy Webster, Australia's P.M.G., had he stuck to the beer and left poetry alone; he couldn't possibly have made a bigger fool of himself. Even the "Age" commenting on his doggerel said, "As an act of charity, will someone lasso him and bring him in." The only thing we recommend for Willie's disease is a feed of straw and a carrot, then retired to the loose box.

'Tis passing strange how history repeats itself. There was a time when Botany Bay faced a man for singing "The wearin' o' the Green." During a period when the world is being made "Safe for democracy" we find that an Irish actor has been sent to prison for two years for singing two Irish songs. As a protest against this gross injustice Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. for N.E. Cork, has resigned from the British Parliament. When the workers of Ireland become organised along the lines laid down in the One Big Union scheme they will not only be able to sing their own national song, but they will be able to unite with the workers of the world in singing the International song of labor which will be the song born of economic freedom. Irishmen in Australia, unite in industry if you wish to see a happier future for Ireland and the world.

What would you think of a military commander who in the heat of battle sent up one regiment against an enemy, and when the news came back that the first regiment had been completely routed and destroyed sent up another and then another, all to the same fate?

Being a hard-headed practical man of the world you would return a verdict of insanity. Then did it ever strike you, brother, about the insanity of labor's army in the battle with the capitalist class? Did you ever see such stupidity of action? When you strike for better conditions that is a battle, and all the forces of the capitalist class are pitted against you, you in turn struggle with a desperate courage to overcome the forces of oppression. But you only belong to a craft union and the other divisions of labor make it such that you can expect no help from them, with the result that you are defeated. With labor united in One Big Union, each department controlling its own affairs internally, you would be in a position to fight and win. Why not give it a trial? Why not persuade your fellow workers to roll up to your union meetings and force the issue. Why not work for emancipation instead of reform? Think it over, then act quickly. Act NOW.

Greek poet, celebrating the invention of the water mill for grinding corn, the construction of the first machine.

"The goddess has commanded the work of the girls to be done by the nymphs; and now they skip lightly over the wheels, so that the shaken axles revolve with the spokes, and pull around the load of revolving stones. Let us live the life of our fathers, and let us rest from work and enjoy the gifts that the goddess has sent us!"

This is the spirit of the first century, A.D. And nineteen centuries later. What progress. What world wide changes.

Inventions galore! New means of communication, more comfort, luxury, and the children of the gutter.

Born of a mother unfit to give life to a future generation, by a father afflicted with diseases and ailments, which he himself received as heirloom from his parents, the child of the gutter has no hope to survive.

It is from their ranks that the vast army of criminals goes forth, criminals made so by the awful conditions that surrounded them, when they first saw the light of the sun. No! There is no sun in the gutter!

It is from their ranks that maidens step forth to barter their sex function in the open market, the street, to infect the young men of the nations with those diseases that are gingerly referred to as the "red plague." The children of the gutter suffer from constant malnutrition, which, together with dirt and filth, breeds scrofula, imbecility, cowardice!

The environment impresses itself infallibly on the mind of the child. The stinking gutter, in which the scraggy hag rolls about drunk!; deeds that are committed in the dark of night; sexual desires, openly displayed, lacking even the remotest attempt at modesty; the smoke, the stench, the noise of the slums; that is the surroundings, the breeding place of the children of the gutter!

What a fearful indictment against humanity, against the capitalist system of society.

Now let us turn away from the grizzly, horrid picture of mankind's festering pest boil.

Let me take you to the places where gold is mined from wee children's blood: the factories and workshops that recruit their labor from the ranks of the children of the gutter.

But, no. Let a historian speak!

Listen to Henry de B. Gibbins in his "An Industrial History of England":—"Sometimes regular traffickers would take the place of the manufacturers, and transfer a number of children to a factory district, and there keep them, generally in a dark cellar, till they could hand them over to a mill owner in want of hands, who would come and examine their height, strength and bodily capacities, exactly as did the slave owners in the American markets. After that the children were simply at the mercy of the owners, nominally as apprentices, but in reality as mere slaves, who got no wages, and whom it was not worth while even to feed and clothe properly, because they were so cheap and their places could be so easily supplied! It was often arranged by parish authorities, in order to get rid of imbeciles, that one idiot should be taken by the mill owner with every twenty sane children. The fate of these unhappy idiots was even worse than that of the others. The secret of their final end has never been disclosed, but we can form some idea of their awful sufferings from the hardships of the other victims to capitalist greed and cruelty; the hours of their labor were only limited by exhaustion, after many modes of torture had been unavailingly applied to force continued work. Children were often worked sixteen hours a day, by day and night."

Those are the conditions in our blessed age! The wealth of a nation sweated and tortured out of the broken hearts of in-

A. S. P.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

### CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

The C.E. at its last meeting decided to withdraw from the combined meetings held on the Sydney Domain, in conjunction with the W.I.L.U., and the Defence and Release Committee, owing to the shortness of time allowed the A.S.P. speaker on the previous Sunday, the faulty economies of some of the other speakers, and the tendency towards "Bummeryism" which has become such an apparent feature of the meeting.

### As to Unity.

On the question of unity, two very encouraging letters were dealt with on November 6th by the C.E. One was from the Social Democratic League of Sydney, and the other from the Social Democratic League of Adelaide. As the question is one of vital interest to all Socialists, the letters, together with the replies thereto, showing the attitude of the C.E., are here printed in full.

Social Democratic League.

Sydney, Nov. 2nd, 1918.

To the Secretary of A.S.P.,

Fellow comrade,

At the last general meeting of the above organisation a resolution was carried instructing me to open up negotiations between the S.L.P., the A.S.P., and the S.D.L., with a view to unity upon a common basis.

Seeing that the end of the war is in view, and trouble is surely coming, it behooves us to see that the Socialist move-

### OUR "RAG."

We received the following, and were gratified to note that the paper of the A.S.P. has penetrated to yet another quarter of the globe.

We hope that this may be a forerunner of a big bundle order to Makatea.

The circulation of the "I.S." is steadily increasing; it is read by our comrades from many different lands, and by this request for more copies from our French comrade in Makatea we are glad to see that our paper is recognised as living up to its name, "The International Socialist," and that it endeavours to carry its message as it professes to do to the workers of the world.

Makatea, 12th Oct., 1918.

Dear Sir,

Would you be so kindly to send me one or two copies of your paper "The International Socialist" and your general catalogue of books about Socialism.

I purpose to send you an order and to subscribe for your paper.

I thank you in advance,

I am, Yours truly,

HENRI CHABAIN,

a Makatea par Tahiti (Society Islands).

(Excuse me for style, but I am a French, formerly member of the French Socialist Party, and I do not know very well to write in English.—H.C.)

noent children. Trust magnates bloating at annual dinners over the great profits derived from "industrial concerns."

Children of the gutter, mill and factory!

The enormous army of the downtrodden, oppressed and enslaved. The force in which the germ of revolution finds fertile ground; the seething, boiling cauldron of unrest, ready to overflow!

Come on, come on, you capitalists, who have enjoyed too long the privilege to exploit, rob, torture and kill your fellow man. Put more fuel into the fire, stir up the flame, until the hour has come, when you will be destroyed, devoured by the forces you created by the hatred, undying hatred you caused and nourished, the day of liberty will dawn for the children of the gutter.

No fledgling feeds the father bird,

No chicken feeds the hen,

No kitten mouses for the cat—

This glory is for men:

We are the Wisest, Strongest race—

Loud may our praise be sung,

The only animal alive

That lives upon its young!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

ment is strengthened by the organisations uniting upon a common basis.

I would suggest that in reply to us you agree to send two delegates to meet in conference on Monday, 18th, at 8 p.m. to be held in our hall, the business being "The Basis of Unity."

Trusting you see the necessity of "UNITY" for the emancipation of the working class,

I am, yours for unity,

Mr. S. H. G. LEECE, Sec.

November 10th, 1918.

Mr. S. H. G. Leece,

Sec. S.D.L., Sydney.

Dear Comrade,

Yours of the 2nd inst., re Unity, was placed before our Central Executive at its last meeting, when it was decided to accept the invitation to send two delegates to meet the S.D.L. and the S.L.P. in conference on the question of Unity.

Comrades P. Drew and A. S. Reardon were the delegates appointed, and they have been instructed to be in attendance at your hall on Monday, the 18th, at 8 p.m.

Trusting that a definite step towards Unity will be accomplished,

Believe me, yours also for Unity,

A. S. REARDON,

Hon. Gen. Sec. A.S.P.

Social Democratic League, Adelaide.

Room 4, A.W.U. Building,

15 Flinders St., Adelaide.

31/10/18.

Dear Comrade,

The time is at hand when there should be some semblance of Socialist unity in Australia. Already there has been an attempt made to bring about a conference, but so far it has not eventuated. There seems to be some difference of opinion amongst Socialist bodies in the different States as to what should be the basic principles of the Socialist movement in this country. The Social Democratic League of Adelaide has given its serious consideration to the proposals submitted so far, and now submits to your body what its members would be likely to favour should a conference be held, on the condition that all Socialist bodies be invited to send delegates. I have been instructed to submit for your consideration the following resolutions which were carried at a meeting held on Wednesday, 30th inst. They are:

(1) Should the Socialist Party decide to be a political party, it must be separate from all other political parties. Its aim must be the common ownership of the means of life.

(2) Name to be International Socialist Party of Australasia.

(3) It must be distinctly hostile to all forms of militarism.

(4) To invite delegates from S.D.L., A.S.P. and S.L.P., Sydney, A.S.P. and V.S.P., Melbourne, Socialist Leagues in Perth, Brisbane, Broken Hill and New Zealand.

(5) To ask all bodies would they consider these recommendations, if not, would they be prepared to offer suggestions, and if agreeable to a conference would they name which they consider the most suitable place to hold it.

(6) Contribution to branches to be one shilling per month for men, and sixpence per month for women and juvenile members.

(7) To ask A.S.P. and S.L.P., Sydney, if they would insist on endorsing the W.I.L.U. if unity should be established.

Trusting that you will put these proposals before your members, and give an early reply.

I remain, yours for unity and emancipation,

A. W. WILSON,

Organising Sec.,

S.D.L., Adelaide.

November 10th, 1918.

Mr. A. W. Wilson,

Organising Secretary S.D.L., Adelaide.

Dear Comrade,

Yours of the 31st ult. re the possibility of holding an "All Australia" Conference on the question of Socialist Unity was considered by our Executive at its last meeting, and as a result I was instructed to inform you that we are wholly in accord with the suggestion of your organisation, and are prepared to assist to bring about such a Conference as proposed.

With regard to the resolutions submitted I have to state that with the exception of No. 2 they would be all acceptable to us. Our attitude on No. 2 may be stated thus: Whilst a political party may have International ideals, it can only function within the limits of the political state, in our case, Australia. That being so, the name, International Socialist Party of

Continued on page 4.



## CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Continued from Page 3.

Australasia would appear to be a contradiction.

In the matter of No. 7 I would point out that the A.S.P. does not endorse the W.I.U. as an organisation. It only endorses its Preamble.

However, if any other organisations so desired, we are quite agreeable to these matters going forward for discussion.

Speaking generally, I think you will agree that the essential and bedrock proposition is—**Unity on Marxian Principles.**

All other matters are of secondary importance.

Again assuring you of our fullest co-operation,

Yours also for Unity and Emancipation,

A. S. REARDON,

Hon. Gen. Sec. A.S.P.

P.S.—Would point out that the inclusion of New Zealand (No. 4) be struck out, as per our objection to No. 2.

The only Socialist organisation in Broken Hill is the Barrier Branch of the A.S.P.

A.S.R.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

Friday, Nov. 3rd, we had the pleasure of a lecture from Com. W. C. Larion, who happened to be passing through Sydney. The hall was packed, and the audience certainly had an intellectual treat. The lecturer chose for his subject "The Absurdity of Industrial Unionism," which is a unique title, as nearly everybody mouths some form of it nowadays, even though they don't understand it.

However, our speaker handled his subject well, and showed a thorough knowledge of economics and general literature; he advocated simply and solely Political Action for the Emancipation of the Workers. He took his audience from the beginning of civilisation to the present day, and showed where in every case of an advantage to the workers it was due to the political action.

His objections to the I.W.W. and the W.I.U. were based on the grounds that they were prepared to compromise, and also that they actually preached and fought for palliatives. His doctrine was no compromise throughout. The palliative plank in the W.I.U. Preamble tended to make that organisation become reactionary, as workers who wanted something now, in the shape of immediate demands, were likely to flood an organisation, and thus cause reaction to set in.

He also pointed out that in the case of the W.I.U., although they endorsed revolutionary political action, yet they endorsed no particular party. He considered that it was absurd to organise the workers on the industrial field, and allow them to be divided on the political, and he also reminded his audience that although the capitalist fights with his brother capitalist on the industrial field, he never fails to be united with him when it comes to the political arena.

In short, if we believe that we must organise to capture the political machine, then the day that it is accomplished it pre-supposes an intelligent working class, who will be ready to take and hold the tools of production and work them in their own interests.

In answer to questions, the lecturer said that it was quite likely some form of industrial organisation would be necessary, but solid education on uncompromising lines was what was necessary now, and he still maintained that all forms of industrial organisation existing to-day, tended to, if they had not already become reactionary.

A lengthy discussion followed questions, several members of the audience having to walk some miles to get home, owing to the missing of last trams and trains. Altogether the evening was the most interesting the branch has had for a long time, if ever.

On Sunday, Nov. 10th, Mr. Godfrey, of the Single Tax League lectured on "The Working Class Problem." In which he endeavoured to prove to his hearers that a tax on land solved all difficulties and emancipated the workers.

The branch is still going on well, and paper sales continue on the increase.

MARCIA REARDON, Secretary.

## A.S.P. Badges

A NEW SUPPLY OF BADGES HAVE COME TO HAND, AND ARE NOW PROCURABLE AT 1/6, POSTAGE 1/8. QUANTITIES TO BRANCHES AT 1/5 EACH.

MONEY MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS; ADDRESS SAME TO THE GEN. SEC., A.S.P., 115 GOULBURN ST., SYDNEY.

## Economic Class

THE ECONOMIC CLASS IS BEING HELD IN SYDNEY BRANCH HALL EVERY THURSDAY EVENING. ALL THOSE WHO DESIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF ECONOMICS SHOULD MAKE SURE OF ATTENDING.

## LET THERE BE LIGHT.

As we view the bewildering spectacle, that modern life presents, and compare it with the different conditions under which the human race has existed since the dawn of civilisation, we are forced to the conclusion that the mind of man was never before in such a state of darkness with regard to his own material welfare.

For in spite of the fact that human society was never so well equipped with the means necessary to maintain itself in health and happiness, the gaunt spectre of famine and pestilence is abroad in the world, and mankind find themselves engaged in the struggle, which in point of cruelty and viciousness has no equal in history.

Calamity and sensation have now become a part of our daily life. A haunting dread of the future possesses the mind; and there seems to be nothing left but blank despair in the face of overwhelming circumstances.

What a tragedy! Aye! and what a tribute to the teachings of those who sit in high places, and who guide and control the destinies of the world!

Surely the time has come for a change, if the human race would be saved from a miserable doom.

The limitations against which we chafe and struggle are not imposed by nature and are capable of being removed by human action, and when once they are understood. Looking back over the career of the human race, we come to an age in which the uncontrolled forces of nature appeared as mysterious powers, ruthless and destructive. But through the discovery of natural laws and under the impulse of a growing civilisation, men learned to control and utilise these forces. And in the same way shall we, by an investigation into the social laws which now operate within human society, come to a new understanding with regard to the problems of modern life. The mad orgy of bloodshed and destruction which now convulses the world will then appear, not as a result of the human mind depraved, but as the inevitable consequence of a social system wherein all things are produced for sale. The existence of wealth and arrogance, side by side with poverty and despair, will then be seen as the direct result of a social arrangement whereby one section of society is allowed to own and control the means necessary to maintain the life of the whole. In the light of a new understanding, old ideas and time worn shibboleths will be cast aside. For the mental darkness which now surrounds us can only be dispelled by the same science which teaches us to understand the social force which now oppresses us.

This is the science of Socialism. And it's only by the application of this science, that modern society will ever free itself from a social system which does not harmonise with the requirements of modern civilisation. These requirements are the social ownership of the means of life, and the production of all things for use.

Let us then spread a knowledge of Socialism, the light of a new age; the hope of the world.—Exchange.

S.E.

## LET US SPEAK PLAIN.

New times demand new measures and new men,  
The world advances, and in times our-grows  
The laws that in our fathers' days were

... The ...  
Australian  
Socialist Party.

## PRINCIPLES AND POLICY.

## Objective.

The Social ownership and control of the means of production and distribution.

## Statement of Principles.

The present form of Society rests on private ownership of the land and the machinery (tools) of production.

The owners of most of the land and machinery of production constitute what is economically known as the capitalist class. Hence the use of the term, "The capitalist form of society."

This form of ownership divides society in all countries into two distinct and opposing classes—the capitalist class and the working class.

The working class produces all the wealth of society, whilst it only receives sufficient to enable it to carry on production (i.e. a living wage). The rest of the wealth is appropriated by the capitalist class, and is known as surplus value.

Thus a conflict of interests is set up over the division of this wealth, each class striving to obtain possession of a greater portion. This conflict of interests begets a never-ceasing struggle known as the class war, some section or other of the working class being ever engaged in actual conflict.

## Political Action and the State.

The struggle forces the workers to organise on the industrial field. But this organisation inevitably produces political consequences.

The State, that combination of legal, judicial and coercive forces, which is directed by parliament (the executive of the capitalist system), is the weapon with which the capitalist class defeats the workers on the industrial field. Finding themselves in conflict with the State, the workers are forced to find political expression for their economic organisations.

Inasmuch as industrial action produces its political reflex, the A.S.P. recognises the use of revolutionary political action on the above basis, as distinct from the palliative-mongering parliamentarianism of non-revolutionary parties, to be essential to the complete overthrow of the capitalist system.

Political action then is only of value to the working-class, so far as it truly reflects its organised industrial power.

## As to Unionism.

The A.S.P. aims and declares for Industrial Unionism as against craft or sectional unionism, for whereas the specialisation of the processes of production, the invention of machinery, and the concentration of ownership into fewer and fewer hands, makes craft unionism unable to cope with this economic development, and ever growing power of the employing class, because it is a relic of a lower stage in the evolution of capitalist production, i.e., the organised labor expressions of lower forms of tools, the A.S.P. therefore declares that to-day this organisation has outlived its usefulness, and has created crafts and sections amongst the working class in the same industry, and this contradiction in industrial development allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set in the same industry, and industry against industry, thereby defeating one another when waging war against the encroachments of the capitalist class, with their superior and higher developed organisations. And in view of this economic development the working class must organise in such a manner as will correspond to the development of the tools of production.

The A.S.P. therefore affirms that industrial unionism in contradistinction to craft unionism is that form of organisation which is based upon the recognition of the class struggle, and through which all its members in one industry or in all industries, if necessary, can act as a unit on the industrial field.

The A.S.P. therefore endorses the 1916 preamble of the W.I.U.

## As to Economic Interpretation of History.

The A.S.P. pledges itself to the materialistic interpretation of history, which asserts that the transition from one system of society to another, as in the past, from primitive communism to chattel slavery, from chattel slavery to feudalism, and from feudalism to the present Capitalist State, has been the result of new and improved methods of production.

All the institutions of any period of society are moulded by the prevailing economic conditions. The religious, juridical, educational and social institutions, therefore reflect the interests of the dominant class. Thus these institutions and their ideology bolster up the capitalist system.

best;  
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme  
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.  
We cannot bring Utopia by force;  
But better, almost, be at work in sin  
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;  
Then let it come; I have no dread of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;  
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart  
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

—J. Russell Lowell.

## SOCIALIST HALL

369 Pitt Street.

DANCE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

LECTURE EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

## TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.

Whoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

If there is no BRANCH in your locality, you can become a MEMBER AT LARGE, and thus become a REAL LIVE WIRE.

For further information, drop a line to the General Secretary, A.S.P., 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

## BRANCH DIRECTORY.

Any branch desiring matter published under the above heading, should write clearly what is needed, and forward same to this office.

## BROKEN HILL.

Socialist Hall, Sulphide St.

All telegrams making their way to the "Hill" will receive a welcome at the above address.  
Every Sunday morning, Lectures.  
Every Sunday night, 7.30—Lectures.  
Study course of Scientific Socialism.  
Every Thursday night, 7.30.  
Public Speaker Class.  
Good Library for Members!

## CORRIMAL.

Rebels on the South Coast, come along and link up with a scientific working class organisation. A welcome awaits you.

Meetings every back Sunday, 2 p.m.

E. R. BROWNE, Secretary  
Railway Street,  
Corrimal.

## IPSWICH BRANCH.

Branch meets Wednesday, Socialist Hall, Brisbane street. Out-door propaganda, Friday evenings Q. T. corner. Library for members.  
P. STALKER, Secretary.

## MELBOURNE BRANCH.

47 Victoria St., Melbourne.  
Library and Reading Room for members.  
Lectures held every Sunday Evening.  
SPEAKERS' CLASS EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

## NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Hall, Hatte's Arcade, King St., Newtown.  
Library for Members.  
Business meeting held alternate Thursday evening.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

Hall, 369 Pitt St., City.  
Library for members.  
Lecture every Sunday evening.  
Debating class held every Monday evening.  
Business meeting every alternate Thursday evening.

## BARRIER LECTURES!

SOCIALIST HALL, SULPHIDE ST.

MELBOURNE  
LECTURES!

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING.

Under the Auspices of the Australian  
Socialist Party at  
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Printed and Published by William Joseph Thomas, at 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney, to the Australian Socialist Party.